

that's my boyfriend, mike by ohheck

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Fluff, Fluff and Angst, Hurt/Comfort, M/M, Mild Hurt/Comfort, Period-Typical Homophobia, School Dances, Sleepy Cuddles, snowball - Freeform

Language: English

Characters: Bob Newby, Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers & Mike Wheeler, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

the hospital scene but Will calls Mike his boyfriend instead of friend and then it follows the plot of the show until the snowball. the first chapter is just some cuddles so you can skip if you want

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

the hesitation to post this was unreal

Summary for the Chapter:

mike cuddles will after a nightmare

Mike is the only person Will truly trusts. He doesn't treat Will like he's made of glass, yet he knows exactly how to calm him down after an episode. He doesn't whisper sweet nothings to him like the rest do. He genuinely wants to know how he's feeling, hoping that he can fix it somehow. Mike is always the one Will calls out to when he needs help. He's always ready to be right by his side. Mike couldn't risk losing Will again. Losing him would mean losing another person he loved. It would mean that there would be one less player in dungeons and dragons. It would mean no one to teach him how to build the best fort ever. It would mean no longer receiving cute little drawing. More importantly, It would mean one more person he couldn't save.

In all honesty, Will wasn't expecting Mike to answer when he called at 3am after his nightmare, but he answered and was on his way without a second to spare. Mike always kept his walkie talkie on his nightstand just as a precaution. They were mainly used for emergencies so as soon as he hears static crackling, he's up and ready to go. This had been the latest Will has called. Will usually calls Mike right before bed and they'll talk about anything and everything until Will is ready enough to sleep.

He showed up in a matter of minutes. Mike carefully stepped through the window, trying his best not to make noise for the sake of his frightened friend. He took a moment to look at Will who was staring at the wall with wide, frightened eyes. It was sort of scary to see his friend in this state; to be so entranced with something that isn't there yet behaving like so. In fact, Will didn't even notice Mike's presence until he felt a pair of arms wrap around him from his side. Even then, he remained tense and frantically looked around the room as he realized where he was. Mike rested his head on Will's shoulder as he

rubbed his arm until he finally felt Will relax.

“Did it happen again?” Mike asked, referring to his reoccurring nightmares. Will was only able to nod his head yes as he felt tears pricking at his eyes.

“I just want them to stop already,” he finally replies after a moment of silence. Will snuffles as tears of frustration roll down his cheek. Mike rubs Will’s back in response. “How am I supposed to tell what’s real and what isn’t if they keep happening?”

Mike pulls away to look him in the eyes, “We’ll find a way to stop them, maybe even destroy them. And I can tell you now that this is real. That I’m actually here by your side. You can feel my hand on yours, right?” Mike rests his hand on Will’s still clammy hand.

Will chuckles at the slightly ridiculous question, “Yes.”

“Okay,” Mike moves his hand to link their pinkies, “Well if you ever have any doubts about it I pinky swear that I’ll be here. I won’t let them take you from my side, got it?”

The look in Mike’s eyes held a deeper meaning than his words. Will smiled a bit, “Got it.”

“Come here,” Mike lays on his side and opens his arm. Will happily obliged to the gesture and melts into Mike’s comforting embrace. He could honestly stay there forever. It felt so warm and so peaceful. Just having his arms around him makes him forget what he was even thinking about. All his worries wash away. It was almost as if there was a force field against any negativity whenever Mike held him. Mike was his safe space, he thought to himself as he begins to close his eyes.

Mike ran his hand through Will’s hair until he heard his soft snores. He carefully pulled away and pulls the sleeping bag from under the bed. As much as he wishes to stay in bed with him, he knows that two boys can’t share a bed, can they? No, that would be weird. Friends don’t share beds? What would Joyce or Jonathan think if they saw them in bed together? What if Joyce made Will stop being friends with Mike? Maybe it was better this way. Even if it felt better

to have Will in his arms.

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

part of the will the wise episode and the hospital scene but Will calls Mike his boyfriend instead of friend

Notes for the Chapter:

UHHH SO FIRST OF ALL credit to wjllbyers on tumblr bc the whole "that's my boyfriend, mike" was her idea that she told me abt like months ago and I just got around to actually posting it (I KNOW IM THE WORST) thank u for trusting me to do it justice?? im love you??? I hope this is good???? UM so yeah im basically rewriting the script so you can skim through the beginning if you want. I suck at trying to explain the scenes so I can promise you, you won't be missing out on much

Will woke up, nearly choking on a gasp as he sat upright. Mike immediately woke up and asked what was wrong. Will just stared at him with terrified eyes, not saying a word. Mike slowly rose from his sleeping bag to sit up right.

“What’s wrong? Was it the shadow monster in your dream again?” Will just shook his head no in response, his eyes glued to his lap.

“I saw Hopper. In the upside down” His voice wavered as he finally spoke.

“Hopper?”

“I know, I don’t know. But... if he doesn’t get out of there soon he can be in serious trouble. We need to help him.”

Will explained every detail he could possibly remember to Mike before telling his mom so he would at least be coherent while explaining the situation to her. Once Joyce was informed, she tried her best to help Will pinpoint the place he saw in his dream. Thankfully, Bob did not fail to live up to his nickname “Bob the Brain” and figured it out fairly quickly. However, it did take the whole day to find out the exact location Hopper was in. Now the two boys are stood out in the cold, waiting in anticipation.

Will had hoped to god that they’d make it out okay. He’s been in the upside down before and knows what it’s like. The harsh cold air, the weird slimy goo coating everything, the thick vines wrapping around everywhere, the dark and stormy atmosphere- Will’s thoughts were interrupted as he heard the ground crunch from behind him. The two boys turned around at the sound, faces illuminated by the headlights. They shared a concerned look as the workers from Hawkins Labs began piling out of the vans. The few people in suits went down into the hole, presumably to help the adults get out safely.

“Ah!” Will hissed. He felt a sudden sting in his heart which quickly escalated to an excruciating fever. Will collapses to the floor and put his hand to his chest as the pain began to spread throughout his entire body. Everything felt like it was on fire. He heard mumbling in the distance but all he could feel is the overwhelming burning sensation taking over his body, causing everything to feel tingly. His insides felt like they were melting and collapsing all at once. He let out a loud agonizing scream, causing Mike to jump back. Then suddenly, everything went black.

Will slowly blinked his eyes open, taking in his surroundings. He was back in Hawkins Lab but had no recollection of how he ended up there. The last thing he remembers was talking to Mike, who was currently asleep on the chair next to his hospital bed. He doesn’t even remember what they were talking about but he knows it was something about his mom, who happened to be no where in sight.

“Mom?” Will called out weakly. Mike’s eyes fluttered open at the sound of his voice. Joyce rushed to his side as Bob calls for a doctor to inform him that Will has waken up.

"Hey," Bob chirps.

"Who is that?" Will furrows his eyebrows in confusion.

"What," Joyce chuckles, he knows who Bob is. "It's me, big guy! it's Bob," Bob goes to place his hand on Will's but Will flinches away from the stranger's touch.

"Are you a... doctor?" Will takes a guess, judging by his appearance.

"No, it's just me. Just... just Bob." Joyce shoots Bob a worried glance as she realized that his memory might've been erased during the incident. Mike continues to stare at Will with a concerned expression. If Will doesn't remember Bob, what else didn't he remember? Does he still remember Mike?

Soon enough the doctor comes in and does his procedures. Once he's done he begins to test Will's memory by asking him questions. He seemed to remember the basics of who is but not people.

"Okay, how about this guy right here?" The doctor points at Mike. Will turns his attention to the boy, admiration instantaneously filling his eyes. God, he's beautiful. The boy gives an awkward smile and wave and Will swears his heart turns to mush.

"Do you know who that is?" the doctor asks but Will remains silent, "It's alright. Take your time."

The panic starts setting into Mike as Will continues to stare at him. This guy? He's the one that showed up to his window at 3am because he had a nightmare. The one that cuddled him and played with his hair until he fell asleep. He's the one that he talked to every night before bed. The one he left his window unlocked for. He's the one who ditched his friends while trick or treating to make sure he was okay after he had an episode. He said that if they went crazy, they'd go crazy together. This is the boy that he admired for always finding the bright side in the darkest of places. He's the only one that seems to notice when he's acting different, even if he isn't doing anything in particular to show it. He was always by his side. This boy was somebody he loved.

“That’s,,, that’s my boyfriend, Mike,” Will said with a smile. Everyone turns their head in shock to a very flustered Mike, sputtering, trying to figure out what the right words to say were.

“I’m not- what? No we’re not- we’re just-“ Mike looks around everywhere as he tries to avoid everyone’s stare, especially Will’s. Joyce places her hand on Mike’s shoulder and speaks for him.

“Mike is your friend,” she explains.

“Yeah? My boyfriend,” Will states what he believes is the obvious. He glances over at Mike, who’s a blushing mess and still avoiding eye contact with anyone. Surely they’re dating? Friends don’t do half the stuff they do.

“No, as in just friends. You two aren’t dating,” Bob adds on.

“Oh,” Will said, his voice was laced with disappointment and embarrassment. Mike felt his heart twinge as Will’s face fell. Hopper cuts the tension by asking him if he remembers him and they continue their series of questions but Mike couldn’t seem to pay attention. Mike knows he didn’t do anything wrong so why did it feel like it? They’re just friends.

Notes for the Chapter:

I was gonna edit something in here but I can't be bothered to re-read my own writing AGAIN so here u go!! the next chapter is gonna skip right to the snowball bc there's no point in me writing a chapter for every single episode lmaoskjd
oh yeah my tumblr is loverboy-mike if you wanna be friends, request hcs, or just talk abt byler (putting this again bc im dumb and idk how notes work)

3. Chapter 3

Summary for the Chapter:

the spy episode but with a lot of homophobia yikes
big shoutout to adventures-in-internetting on tumblr
for this entire chapter basically!!!

Notes for the Chapter:

I didn't really edit this because I just want to update
already so if theres typos or repeated phrases
sorryyhdsks

After Will's slip up, there was a slight change in moods. There was obvious tension in the room, but it wasn't just with Will and Mike. It was with the scientists as well. The ones that were already dismissive of Will seemed to radiate annoyance even more than before. It was quite obvious when the doctor wanted to test the theory of Will having a connection with the creatures of the upside down. Will cried out in agony as Joyce demanded him to stop yet he ignored both of their pleas. The dark-haired doctor seemed to have less tolerance for Will and continued to burn him longer than necessary during a quick test. It wasn't until Hopper shouted at him that he stopped. He honestly would've kept going if Hopper didn't look so ready fight.

Once the doctor came to safe conclusion, he pulled both Joyce and Hopper aside considering that they are the main ones involved and concerned. However, Mike still stood by the door to eavesdrop on the update about Will's current status. Unfortunately, Mike isn't allowed to know the anything about the situation because he isn't necessarily involved but this is his childhood friend we're talking about here. He thinks he deserves to know how Will is doing. Mike listens as Dr. Owens explains how it might be a type of virus until he hears a scoff from the previous doctor who's currently cleaning the area.

"Wouldn't be surprised if that wasn't the only virus he carried," the doctor jokes with his colleague. Mike feels annoyance course through his body as they both laugh. They might think they're clever for making a vague comment like that, but Mike isn't stupid. He knows

exactly what they're referring to and he's never wanted to punch someone in the face more.

"Get bent scumbag," Mike whispers under his breath, rolling his eyes as he makes his way back to usual seat. The doctor stopped in his tracks to make sure he heard Mike right, but Mike remains unphased as he continues to blankly stare at him. His colleague pulls him along, insisting that they ought to be going.

"Did you notice how that doctor didn't stop burning Will until you said something?" Joyce says as she walks in, still sniffing from before.

"Yeah, what about it?" Hopper asks.

"Don't you think it was a bit sexist? Or homophobic?"

"Well, yeah. You're his parent, not me, he should've listened to you. I wouldn't be surprised if he was homophobic but it's just not normal for a boy think about that way for another boy," Hopper says nonchalantly.

"You know what isn't normal? That my son is possessed by an alter universe monster created by that man," Joyce retorts.

"Hey, all I'm saying is that boys are expected to play sports, maybe go hunting, you know... settle down with a nice girl. Will doesn't seem like the type to do any of those. I mean it could be just a phase for all we know. Maybe the kid's just experimenting," Hopper tries to justify. He doesn't mean to offend anyone, especially Joyce, but this is just how things are. Mike looks over to Will for some type of reaction, but he seems to be entranced in his own thoughts to even notice the scene unfolding before him. He couldn't stand listening to Hopper talk about his friend in such a belittling way, especially right in front of him.

"It's none of your business Hopper," Mike cuts in before Joyce can say anything. They both turn their attention to him as he starts to walk towards him. "Who cares if Will doesn't like sports? He doesn't need to play sports because he's already amazing in art. You don't even know him that well because if you did you would know how talented

he is. You would know how none of the stuff you listed matters because Will is fine just the way he is! You or that poor excuse of a doctor wouldn't even care about his interests so much if you didn't know if he was gay!"

Mike's eyes gradually started to tear up as he raised his voice with each sentence. Both Hopper and Joyce looked at him in shock at his sudden outburst. They didn't even know he was listening to their conversation to start with.

"Woah, calm down. I wasn't trying to talk bad on him- "

"Yes, you were! You made it seem like he's not normal for not liking things most guys do! None of us in the party like sports or hunting or any of that crap but that doesn't matter! We all already have to deal with idiots like Troy and James back at school and Will doesn't deserve to be treated that way here too! Will deserves to catch a break from the mess that man caused! He doesn't deserve it."

Hopper pulled him into a tight hug once the tears started to roll down Mike's cheeks. His eyes wandered around the room as he held him, wondering where the hell this all came from.

"Fat ass Indiana cop," Mike sobs into his chest. Joyce stifles a laugh as Hopper looks down at Mike in confusion. He thinks it's best to just ignore it, but *this kid*.

All the doctors were gathered around the table as one explained the trauma spreading through Will's mind and how it's being affected by it. The results left everyone dumbfounded and the silence began to annoy Dr. Owens. "I don't hear any suggestions," he looks around expectantly at the speechless medics.

"We have bigger problems than the flamer," the dark-haired doctor bites. Dr. Owens leans back in his chair, raising an eyebrow.

"Do we?"

"We can't keep delaying the burn," he quickly tries to change the topic, knowing that he could lose his job if he allows things to get personal.

"You're talking about putting," Dr. Owens stammers, at a complete loss of words, "putting a band aid on this!"

"Right now, a band aid is the best option," he sits back in a pompous manner. "It's our only option," another doctor adds in.

"And if it kills the boy?" Owens leans in, looking at them in disbelief. He just doesn't understand how someone can be so dismissive of somebody just because they're gay. It's absolutely absurd. They can't just let him die like that.

"Then quite frankly, Sam, it kills him," the doctor says with no remorse.

"The rate this is spreading, he'll be lost by the end of the day. What we do or don't do won't change the outcome," another doctor tries to rationalize, "We have to start the burn."

With that, Dr. Owens gathers his belongings and heads to his office. He will not let homophobic doctors be the cause of Will's death. Will Byers can be saved along with the citizens of Indiana. It's possible, he doesn't know how yet, but these bigots certainly aren't helping.

"Where are you going?" the doctor calls out.

"I'm going to think," Sam snaps.

Meanwhile Dr. Owens tries to figure out a way to fix this mess, Joyce is waiting impatiently for answers. She needs to know if her son is going to be okay. Hell, if he's even going to get the right care here with these hateful scientists and doctors.

After his sudden outburst, Mike took time to calm himself down. He had to admit he was quite embarrassed about his random outburst, but he wouldn't take back anything of what he said. Will doesn't deserve that kind of treatment from anybody. Especially from the

person who put him in his current situation. *The audacity of some people.* Will is genuinely a good person. He would sacrifice for the benefit of others and he wouldn't gloat about it either. Will isn't that kind of person; he just wants what's best for everyone. Does none of that matter just because he's gay? What if Hopper was right? What if it is just a phase and that's the only reason why he thought Mike was his boyfriend? Will's memory does seem to be quite cloudy and it would be a safe assumption to believe that they were dating considering how close they are. Maybe it is just experimenting. If it is then that doctor really does deserve a punch in the face.

Mike was pulled out of his thoughts when he saw both Bob and Joyce walk out of the room. He turns his attention to Will, who still looks very entranced in his own mind.

"Will," Mike calls but he continues to stare out the door, "Will? Will?" Mike tries again but poking at him this time. Will slightly jumps with a gasp as he snaps back to reality.

"What's wrong? Are you hurting again?" Mike asks concerned.

"Uh... I saw something," Will's voice comes out a little deeper than usual, but Mike doesn't question it.

"In your now-memories?"

Will nods yes slowly as he turns to face Mike. "The shadow monster. I think I know how to stop him."

Notes for the Chapter:

aaand you know how the rest goes down >:) I know I said this chapter was gonna be the snowball but I SWEAR THE NEXT ONE WILL ACTUALLY BE THE SNOWBALL it's gonna be a long angsty one and I already started writing it > >:)

4. Chapter 4

Summary for the Chapter:

The snowball scene, but from Will's point of view. Zombie boy girl doesn't exist in this because honestly duffer brothers? that was some sloppy writing, where did she even come from? LET WILL BE GAY

Notes for the Chapter:

ok sorry this took so damn long but I hope the length makes up for it. I only really liked the ending oof I feel like the beginning is slow BUT ANYWAY hope u enjoy :) OH ALSO 2000 HITS??? THTS WILD TYSM IM SHOOK :,)

Will has been looking forward to going to the snowball dance ever since he got back from the upside down. For 2 years straight, he was dragged through hell and back during “the most wonderful time of the year.” It was anything but wonderful. Although, he thinks that this Christmas he won’t be coughing up slugs from another dimension. This past month has been a rough recovery but he’s finally starting to feel like himself again.

The party, with the exception of Mike, really helped Will get back into the groove of things by hanging out more often. It was always fun to spend time Lucas, Max, and Dustin, but he couldn’t help but feel that Mike’s absence was his fault even though it wasn’t. Mike constantly bailed on the party to hang out with El because Hopper won’t let her go out with them due to paranoia. However, Hopper came to a compromise that allowed one member of the group to visit her at a time. Of course, Mike took most of the days which left Lucas and Dustin to visit her on weekends, leaving Max and Will completely out of the equation. They’ve never really met her, so they weren’t too bummed out about it, especially after seeing how much she means to them.

Well, sort of. At first, Will didn’t really mind it. Hopper would pick up Mike from school everyday, so he can spend more time with

Eleven. He knew that El meant a lot to Mike by the way he talked about her. Will is still fuzzy on the details on how she got tangled into this mess because whenever Mike would try to explain he would end up talking about her telepathic powers and what she can do with them, but he knows that she's the reason they found him and basically saved his life. Mike is like an elixir that he never wants to share but he believes it's the least he can do to thank her since he's never gotten a call back hance to say it in person. Judging by what everyone tells him, El needs Mike more than he does considering that she's defeated a Demogorgon, saved Will, and closed the gate.

However, tonight is the night of the snowball. It's all that has been on his mind for the past few weeks. Will made sure that Mike wasn't going to ditch them again and actually attend the dance. Nothing made him more excited finally knowing that the entire party can finally hang out together as a whole. He couldn't wait to go to the dance because, wait, when was the last time they all hung out and had a fun time? Over a year ago? Exactly. This day was kind of a big deal in Will's opinion.

Will had arrived at the snowball quite early than most, considering Jonathan had to help set up the photo booth he was going to be managing. Luckily Mike had shown up a few minutes after Will did because Nancy was also volunteering to serve punch, meaning she was helping out. Mike and Will claimed a table for the entire party to hang out at and talked about remotely nothing as their friends slowly filled in one by one. The last one who failed to arrive on time was Dustin. However, judging by his dramatic entrance, and hair, they can all take a wild guess on why he took so long. Dustin strutted into the gym confidently and gave them a little twirl to show off his entire look. The party stared at him in shock. They all take turns teasing him about his hair until the beginning of a slow song grabs their attention. They watch the crowd fill up with couples while they stand awkwardly on the sidelines.

Lucas takes a deep breath and shoots his shot with Max before he loses his chance. The second she looks at him, his brain turns to mush, and he forgets everything he rehearsed in front of the mirror for an hour. He is only capable of letting out a string of incoherent

words. The three boys notice what's happening and watch in amusement as the boy with the most confidence in the group is stumbling over his words trying to ask a girl to dance. Max stared at him in amusement as he tries to ask her out without necessarily saying it but eventually decides to spare him from suffering and takes the hint. Dustin watches them walk to the dance floor hand in hand absolutely crushed. He thought that Steve's advice would surely help him land the girl. Steve always has girls swooning over him and he did everything he said yet nothing. Well, he was only indirectly rejected by one girl, so he should give it another shot. He didn't ask for advice for nothing.

Dustin adjusts his collar as he prepares to take a shot with Stacy. "Wish me luck. I'm going in."

Mike looks at Dustin perplexed as he walked towards Stacy and her group of friends. He shook his head and turned his attention towards Will.

"Guess it's just you and me huh?" Mike says as they both sit back down at the table they were at earlier.

"Yeah, just you and me," Will sighed, slightly contently. Don't get him wrong, Will loves his friends but he hasn't had much time with Mike since the hospital.

"I can't believe we were the first ones to show up and we haven't danced once," Will shakes his head.

"What? Do you wanna dance to a slow song?" Mike jokes.

“Okay, maybe not to a slow song, but- you know what I mean,” Will feels the heat rise to his cheeks and hopes to god that Mike doesn’t catch it. He would love it more than anything to dance with Mike, but he would never admit that to him. After all, he didn’t ask his mom for dance lessons with no intentions of using them.

“I’m not sure I do? Are you asking me to dance, Byers?” Mike mimics Max’s response to Lucas from earlier. Will felt his breath hitch until he heard Mike laughing. Will would be lying if he said he didn’t feel a little disappointed, but he laughed along anyway. Suddenly, Mike’s laugh dies down then whispers, “Holy shit, no way.”

Mike slowly stands up from his seat, catching Will’s attention. Will looks up at him, clearly puzzled, until he follows his line of sight.

There stands El, in a nice blue dress, perfectly styled hair with one strand perfectly out of place, and soft purple eyeshadow that draws the innocence from her starry eyes. Will’s face drops a little as Mike slowly gravitates to her, but doesn’t blame him. She looks stunning. He watches the two exchange a few words before heading to the dance floor, hand-in-hand. Will realizes how awkward he must look just staring at the couple and gets up from his chair, looking for something to keep him occupied for the time being. He spots Dustin sitting on the bleachers behind the streamers and decides to join him.

“Hey,” Will says as he plops down next to Dustin. At least he has Dustin to keep him company. “Didn’t work out too well?”

Dustin quickly wipes away his tears when he notices Will’s presence,

turning around to face him like he hadn't just been crying. "Yeah, but it's no big deal. Just thought I'd have a better shot with a new look I guess."

"Those girls weren't ready to meet a mini Steve Harrington this early in their life. You're just too cool for them," Will attempts to lighten his mood. He really does believe that Dustin deserves better. These girls are too pretentious about their social titles that they can't recognize a good guy when they see one.

"Oh, don't give me that crap. You're only saying that because you're my friend," Dustin rolls his eyes in a jokingly matter.

"No, really! You look really nice," Will smiles.

"Thanks man," Dustin returns the smile, "where's Mike?"

Will blinks a few times at the sudden change of topic, "Oh, uh- Eleven showed up, so he's dancing with her." He motions over at the couple swaying to the soft melody of the song.

Dustin looks at them then back at Will before giving a sympathetic pat on the shoulder, "I'm sorry."

Will meets Dustin's sorrowful gaze and lets out a small laugh, "sorry for what?"

“You like Mike, don’t you?” Dustin asks, Will’s eyes growing wide in panic.

“O-of course, he’s one of my best friends! I wouldn’t be his friend if I didn’t like him,” Will stumbles over his words a few times as he turns his red beat face away from Dustin.

“Right. So, you and Mike would talk to each other just before bed for hours- and I mean hours, just because you guys are really good friends?” Dustin presses the issue while raising his eyebrow.

Will’s face goes bright red, looking stunned as ever, “y-you guys heard those?”

“Well, duh! That’s how walkie-talkies work! Don’t worry though, we turned them off after the first few days because we cared more about our sleep than whatever was going on between you two. Even Erica suspects something going on with you two! Lucas had to give her 5 bucks to keep her mouth shut, but seriously, you should talk to him about it soon,” Dustin advises. Will can still feel the burn in his cheeks as he thinks over what Dustin had just said.

“Hey, shouldn’t you guys be out there dancing?” The two boys look over at Nancy, who stood over them with a playful stern look. Will couldn’t be more relieved to have the attention off of him.

“To a slow song with no dates? No thanks Nance, I think I’ve already embarrassed myself enough for the night,” Dustin scoffs.

“Well it’s a good thing you’ve got a date then,” Nancy offers her hand. Dustin hesitantly takes her hand, looking back at Will as if asking for permission. Will nods his head in encouragement. Today is not going how he imagined it at all, but he’s not going to stop his friends from having a good time.

“You coming?” Nancy outstretches her free hand to Will.

“No, it’s okay you guys can go on without me! Slow dancing with two people would be kind of awkward anyway,” Will justifies. He knows that this is a special moment for Dustin and he doesn’t want to be the one to stand in the way of it.

“You’ve got a point, but I better see you dancing later!” Nancy says as she drags Dustin, who’s madly blushing, to the dance floor. Will nods with a smile in response.

And then there was one. Will sighs as his eyes roam over the crowd on the dance floor. He stifles a laugh as he watches Dustin dancing stiff as a stick in Nancy’s arms. Max’s bright ginger hair catches his attention as the couples danced in close proximity. Lucas and Max smiled at each other as they engaged in small conversation causing Will to smile at himself, purely happy for them. Then, his eyes land on El and Mike. Nothing. Will feels nothing when he sees them. How can he be happy for Dustin and Lucas, but not for Mike? What makes Mike so special?

Every single day, every word you say. Every game you play every night you stay, I’ll be watching you.

Will watches Mike and El from the bleachers behind the streams that hung from the ceiling. He knows he should feel happy for him, but he doesn't. He'll fake the smile and play the part for the sake of his friends, but that's as far as it'll get.

Oh can't you see, you belong to me

It took Will five years to finally admit his true feelings for Mike to himself, yet El has known him for a week and now they're dating? How did that even come to be? Did Mike just fall in love with her in that one week he disappeared? It's not that Will is jealous of her; he just wishes that they could've been something more.

My poor heart aches, with every step you take.

Will never had Mike in the palm of his hand, but it still feels like Mike slipped through Will's fingers. He just wishes he could do everything over. He hates that the mind flayer messed up his memories so much that he accidentally called Mike his boyfriend. He still feels embarrassed just thinking about it. He wishes that he never said anything because now his friend is growing distant from him and there's nothing he can about it.

Since you've gone, I've been lost without a trace. I dream at night I can only see your face. I look around but it's you I can't replace. I feel so cold and I long for your embrace.

Will drops his head at the realization of how relatable this stupid song is to how he feels about Mike. It just didn't make sense. Mike said that becoming his friend was the best thing that's ever happened

to him, yet he took up any chance to hang out with El over Will. It's hard for him to have fun with the others when Mike isn't with them because he can't help but feel like it was his fault. That he pushed Mike away. It doesn't matter what he does, he always misses the way he had Mike. Will has asked his mom to snuggle him to sleep after a nightmare, but it just wasn't the same. Sure, he felt comforted, but Mike made him feel protected. Will wants that feeling back, but he's the reason it's gone.

I keep crying, baby, baby please

Will picks his head back up but instantly regrets it as he watches Mike lean in to kiss El. The cold, hollow feeling spreads throughout his chest and it suddenly feels hard to breathe. *Don't cry. Don't cry. Don't cry. Don't cry. Don't cry. Don't cry. Don't cry. Don't cry. Don't cry. Don't cry. Don't cry. Don't cry. Don't cry. Don't cry. Don't cry. Don't cry. Don't cry. Don't cry. Stop crying. You shouldn't be crying.* Will feels the tears roll down his cheeks involuntarily and hastily wipes them away as he rushes towards the door, not wanting to cause a scene or anyone to see him in general.

Will takes in a raggedy cold breath as he wipes his tears away again before he reaches his mom, who's currently talking to Hopper in the parking lot while smoking a cigarette. The smile on her face drops as she pulls away from Hopper's embrace once she sees the tears in Will's eyes.

"Mom, can you take me home?" Will's voice betrays him as it cracks with every other word, "it's not as fun as I thought it would be."

"What's wrong?" Joyce gently grabs the sides of Will's face, trying to

make eye contact, “Are you okay? You can tell me anything, you know that right?”

Will nods his head in acknowledgment as he whispers a small ‘I know’. He knows he can tell his mom anything, but he didn’t want to. He doesn’t even think he can say anything without wanting to cry. Hopper cuts in, “If they’re giving you a hard time in there I can take care of it kid.”

“No, it’s okay. No one’s picking on me. Can you please just take me home?” Will’s voice cracks as he tries to keep it together. Joyce nods and says goodbye to Hopper as she gets in the car.

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Will trudges into his room and threw himself onto his bed. The tears flowed from his eyes like waterfalls. One day. Will just wants one good day with all his friends. Is that too much to ask? It was primarily his fault for leaving early, but he didn’t feel like he belonged there. Everyone had someone to dance with and he didn’t want to be the leech of the group. They deserved to be have a good time with the person who made them the happiest. He didn’t want to interrupt anything. Will groans into his pillow; why did he have to love his best friend? Out of all people? Everything would’ve been okay if he didn’t let his feelings get in the way. He couldn’t even enjoy the one normal day that the universe allowed him to have. Will turns over in his bed, clutching his pillow his chest and his eyes wondering around his room. Perhaps it wasn’t too late to have a good day.

“Mom, can I hang up some of the Christmas lights from last year in my room? I think I’m gonna have a snowball of my own in my room,” Will asks with the lights already in his arms. Joyce turns her

attention away from the hot chocolate, a drink she noticed that became a new favorite of his, and gives him a quick nod.

“Sure honey. Do you want some help?” Joyce offers. Will looks down at the tangle of wires in his arms then back to her before accepting her help. She grabs the two mugs of hot chocolate and sets them down on his desk before untangling the mess of wires. Will smiles when he notices the hot chocolate. At least he can rely on his mom to make the best out of a situation.

Will decides that they need some music to set the mood and brings Jonathan’s stereo into his room, he sure wouldn’t mind. He’ll put it back when he’s done. Joyce took Will’s hand and spun him around as music flowed through the speakers pulling a quite laugh from Will. Just as they were finishing hanging up the lights, there was knocking on the door. Joyce handed him the last of the lights as she went to go answer the door.

“Hey Mrs. Byers, is Will here?” Mike says quickly as he bounces in place.

“Yeah, what’s the matter?” Joyce asks.

“I don’t know, I just saw him leave the snowball. Is he okay? Can I talk to him?” Joyce looks between Mike and Will’s room, furrowing her eyebrows deciding what to do. Will could probably use a friend right now. As much as Joyce hates to admit it, Will is more likely to open up to Mike before opening up to her.

“Sure, come in.” Joyce leads him to Will’s room. She peaks her head

in timidly with a soft smile when Will noticed her presence and smiled back. "Someone's here to join your snowball!"

Will tilts his head confusingly until Mike stepped into view. "Mike? What are you doing here?"

"I'll leave you two alone. Let me know if you two need anything," Joyce announces as she closes the bedroom door behind Mike.

"I saw you leave during the snowball and I tried running after you, but you guys had already taken off. Is everything okay? Are you hurting again?" Mike spews out worriedly as he steps closer to Will. *So much for not having anyone see him.*

"I'm fine. Shouldn't you be with El?" Will says almost a little too bitter than intended.

"Well yeah, but she didn't mind. I couldn't just stay after seeing you take off mysteriously like that," Mike explains.

"That's the first time you ever chose me over her," Will whispered under his breath to what he thought was quite enough for Mike not to hear.

"What?" Mike asks, not knowing if he heard right, but shakes his head as he continues, "What's wrong? You wouldn't have left if you were fine?"

"I don't know what's wrong okay, Mike?" Will snaps, the tears already beginning to form in his eyes. Mike stares at Will wide-eyed. Out of all their years of friendship, Will has never let his temper get the best of him. "I don't know why I thought today was going to be a good day. I don't know why I went to the snowball when everyone has a date of their own. I don't know why I was surprised that El showed up. I don't why I was upset that you left to dance with her. I don't know why I cried when I saw you kiss her. I just don't know. It's so stupid."

Mike's mouth gaped open and closed like fish, not knowing where to start. "Will, I-I don't- I only kissed her to find out how I truly felt about her. Same goes for her. We were watching a soap opera once and they kept mentioning how your first kiss is supposed to feel like sparks are flying and fireworks are going off and I didn't feel any of that. So, I told her that and she said the feeling was mutual. I'm sorry Will. I didn't know that you felt that way."

"You didn't? Because apparently everyone else knew. And for a second, I thought you felt the same way when you said that asking to be my friend was the best thing you've ever done and- did you even mean that? It was like you completely forgot about me for the past month," Will tried keeping his voice as steady as he can while finally confesses his thoughts.

"Of course I meant it! I just hadn't seen El in so long and I was helping Hopper homeschool her. If I knew that you wanted to hang out more I would've made time for you! I thought you wanted space because Hopper said that people our age experiment- actually that was stupid it doesn't matter. I should've been there for you. I almost lost you twice already, please don't let the last time be because of my own stupid fault," Mike looked at Will with the most heartfelt eyes he's ever seen. Will's heart just about melts and breaks at the same

time.

“You never lost me. I’m always by your side, remember?” Will offers his pinky. Mike beams at the memory and links his pinky with Will’s before pulling him off the bed to hug him.

“I love you,” Mike whispers. The smile on Will’s face appeared faster than the speed of light. Will pulls away to stare into Mike’s eyes, a flash of panic.

“I love you,” he whispers back. They hold each other for a little while longer, the only noise being the music softly playing from the radio, which reminds Will. “I still never got my dance, Wheeler,” Will teases. Mike chuckles before pulling away to bow in a jokingly manner. Will snickers as takes his hand, resting the other on Mike’s shoulder. Mike closes the distance between them using the arm that’s wrapped around Will’s waist to pull him in. Will is just the right height for Mike to kiss him on forehead, so he does.

“That’s insulting Mike,” Will still feeling the random burst of confidence. Mike just stares at him, lines forming between his eyebrows, “I know I’m short but my lips are down here.”

Mike’s cheeks burn from the heat, feeling more flustered than ever. Will almost regrets saying anything until he sees Mike suddenly closing the small distance between them. Mike moves a little too quickly than Will was expecting and they end up bumping noses. The pink blush on Mike’s cheek turn scarlet red as he apologizes profusely. Will tells Mike that it’s okay in between giggles as he rubs his nose.

"Maybe I should go slower this time," Mike suggests.

"Yeah, just a little slower," Will chuckles.

Mike leans in slower this time, taking Will's face in his hands for safe measure. Their lips almost touching. Will feels Mike smile against his lips before finally kissing him gently yet passionately. Will can feel his heart thump in his chests and the sparks flying that Mike mentioned earlier. He weaves his hands in Mike's hair not knowing where else to put them. Mike's lips were plump and soft, feeling almost like silk sliding against his lips. Mike suddenly pulls away breathlessly, leaving Will chasing his lips with his eyes still closed. Mike giggles at the sight and Will finally opens his eyes, only to look at ground to hide the blush on his cheeks as he laughed along.

"Can you stay the night?" Will asks.

"Of course, angel," Mike replies, planting another kiss to his forehead. Will offers Mike a change of clothes and they get ready for bed. Mike lays next to Will, facing him. He moves a stray hair from Will's face. Will traces the freckles on Mike's face, admiring the way the Christmas lights illuminate him in a soft blue tone.

"Cuddle me until dawn?" Will whispers nervously.

"It'd be my pleasure," Mike says. Will turns around and Mike presses him against his chest, resting his [head on top of Will's](#). Will takes Mike's hand that's around his waist and holds it until he falls asleep.

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Jonathan is usually the one who takes care of making breakfast in the mornings, but considering his late night out, Joyce decided to take care of it this morning. Jonathan woke up right as she finished cooking the eggs and served himself a plate, not forgetting to thank her before digging in. Joyce decides to wake Will up to eat breakfast before it gets cold and heads to his room. She opens the door cautiously, not wanting to startle him awake. Before she even says a word, she stops to smile at the sight of her two soft boys sleeping in each other's arms.

Honestly, Joyce wasn't that surprised when Will believed that Mike was his boyfriend. She's seen the way Will looks at Mike with nothing but admiration. Even if Mike is just talking about his day, he stares at him as if Mike carried all the stars in universe in his eyes. At first, Joyce had thought he just looked up to Mike by the way he would talk about him and the few drawings he had where the hero resembled Mike, but when she asked if it was meant to be Mike the blush on Will's cheek were brighter red than a cherry tomato. Joyce that the crush he had on Mike was sweet, and she would fight anyone if they tried to tear them apart.

She decides to let the boys continue to sleep and closes the door cautiously. *It's about time they figured it out for themselves.*

Author's Note:

I hope this is better than what I had in mind
my tumblr is loverboy-mike if u wanna be friends,
request hcs/prompts, or just talk abt ST/IT idk